







★ ARIADNE,

O R, 11737 d 2.

The MARRIAGE of BACCHUS,

A N

OPERA,

O R,

A VOCAL REPRESENTATION;

*First Compos'd by Monsieur P. P.*

*P. P. & S. S.*

Now put into Musick by Monsieur *Grabu*,  
Master of His Majesties MUSICK.

And ACTED by the

Royall Academy

O F

MUSICK,

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

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In the SAVOY.

Printed by Tho. Newcombe, 1671.

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TO THE  
**KINGS**  
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

S I R,



*Hilst all Europe be-  
sides, lies now groan-  
ing under the VWeight  
of a Cruel VVar, and  
sees on every side her  
Cities sack't and spoil-  
led; her Fields laid  
desolate, and her Pro-  
vinces exhausted both  
of Blood ana Treasure; England alone, by Your  
Royal Care, does now injoy a happy Tranquility and  
sees Peace and Justice raigh in all her Borders.*



One would think, this Fortunate Isle were by heaven  
set apart to prove a New Ark; almost safe Harbor  
still ready to receive and shelter all the shatter'd re-  
mains of the VVreckt Universe: that it were a  
perfect Epitome of the whole Earth, in which lies  
concenterd all it produces of rich and most preci-  
ous; a Rock fixt and unmoveable in the midst of the  
roughest VVaves, and highest Tempests: An  
Earthly Paradise, environ'd round about with San-  
dy Desarts; and, in fine, that England were, as  
indeed she is, above all others in the VVorld, Hea-  
ven's-Darling, the Earths Delight, the Seas Sove-  
raign Queen; the Eye, the Heart, the Pearl of  
the whole VVorld.

But, SIR, all these high Prerogatives; all these  
choice Blissess She does injoy, seem'd little in Your  
Royal Eyes: Your Vast Mind was not yet fully  
satisfied, in having by Your Invincible Force made  
her Triumph over her Fierce and Audacious Ene-  
mies, bringing them (in spite of their Obstina-  
cy) to Beg Peace at Your Royal Hands, and by  
that happy Peace, fill'd the hearts of Your People  
with Foy and Satisfaction: You would compleat the  
Splendor and Magnificence of Your Imperial Seat,  
by establishing within her stately VValls Your  
Academy

193  
Academy of Opera's, the fairest and most charming of all Publick Showes; You have made this Queen of Cities to become also the Center, the source of Love, Pleasures, and Gallantry; raising her present Glory and Pomp to a Pitch, capable rather of creating Envy and Emulation in the Proudest of her Neighbours, than being any more jealous of them for their Greatness and Magnificence.

Your Majesty will doubtless find these First Representations of Your Opera very defective: But SIR, it dares flatter it self with hopes that You will pardon its faults, and consider that the Academy that executes the same is yet an Infant, a new-born Beauty, whose Features and Lineaments are scarce come to their shape and proportion; but, cannot fail growing to Perfection in her due time and age, provided You daign own her for Your Creature, and afford her Your Royal Care and Protection? These Gracious Favors, SIR, She humbly, and with a most profound Respect and Veneration, begs at Your Royal Hands; with a sincere Protestation, that her chiefest Application and Study shall ever be to strive to the uttermost of her Power, to contribute

to Your Diversion, and that she will gather together  
Your Palms, Your Laurels, and Your Royal Mirtles,  
into Wreaths and Garlands of Triumph to Crown  
Your Sacred Head with, as being,

S I R,

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most Humble, most Obedient,  
and most faithful *Servant* and *Subject*

Your Royal Academy of Musick.



# To the Reader.

**T**He Reader is desir'd in Perusing this *Book*, to consider two things; *First*, That it is a meer Translation, and nothing else; and that the *Original* it self being neither a Strain of Wit, nor yet the Stile of it Pust up; but onely a bare *Collection* of *Phrases*, and *Expressions* made fit for *Sound* and *Harmony*: The *Author*, who is well enough fixt in his *Reputation*, would have thought himself wronged, had the *Translator* turn'd the *Sense* of his *Work* out of its right Channel. *Secondly*, That this *Traduction* was thought absolutely necessary for the satisfaction of those, who being unacquainted with the *French* Tongue, and who being *Spectators*, would find themselves necessitated to see the most pressing of their *Senses* go away from the *Theater* ungratified, by their not understanding the Subject that brought them thither. For the *English*, it will doubtless seem Flat, and too much a Stranger, to please the *Criticks* of the Time, whose nice Palates can scarce relish the *Finest* and most *Natural Things* their own Countrey can produce. But, let it run what fortune it will, it can fare no worse than a Thousand far better things have done: and, were both the *Original* and the *Version* much worse than they are, the *Pomp* and *Magnificence* of its *Representations* will alone prove sufficient to plead their excuse.

PERSONS

# Persons Acting.

**B**ACCHUS.

ARIADNE — The Daughter of *Minos*  
King of *Crete*, forsaken by *Theseus*.

VENUS.

EUPHROSINE — A Grace.

SILENE — An old *Satyr*, *Bacchus's* Foster-Father.

Coribants attending *Bacchus*.

MARS.

BELLONA.

APOLLO.

DIANA.

THETIS.

HERCULES.

MEGERA — A Furie.

CLORIS, }  
PHILLIS, } Shepherdesses.

DAMON — A Shepherd in Love with *Cloris*.

Saliens and Satyrs Dancing.

Salien-Priests of *Bacchus*.

INDIAN-Kings, slaves to *Bacchus*.

Sea-Gods.

Bacchantes,

Bacchantes, Satyrs *and* Clownes.  
Hoboyes *and* Symphonies of Bacchus, Mars *and*  
Venus.

## MUT E-ACTORS.

Alecton, *and* Thilphone, *Furies*.  
Pasithae *and* Thae, *Graces*.  
Zephirs, *Windes*.  
Cupids.  
Souldiers.

The *SCENE NAXOS*, in one of  
the Iles of the *Archippelagian-Sea*,  
Consecrated to *Bacchus*, and his  
oadinary aboard.

---

*The several Decorations and Changes of Theater  
seen in this Opera.*

- I. A Prospect of *London* and the *Thamisi*.
- II. *Bacchus's* Palace and Court.
- III. The Sea with several Shoars.
- IV. A Desart or Wilderness.
- V. A Garden with *Venus's* Grotto.
- VI. A stately Room in *Bacchus's* Palace.



*First Opening of the Theater by a Symphony; shewing a Prospect of Thamise opposite to London, on the waves of which is seen floating, a Great Shel as it were of Mother of Pearl, bearing 3. Nymphs, representing 3. Rivers, Thamis, Tyber and Seine; which Nymphs sing the PROLOGUE thus, the first representing the Thamis, inviting the other two to approach, Sings this,*

## The Prologue.

*Thamis.*

Approach, approach fair Sisters, cross  
the Main,

**A**To come and tast my Sweets, ye  
Tyber, and Sein.

Every thing here doth seem to smile!

*Cupid* himself raignes in this Isle:

E'r since, *Venus* resolv'd to quit

Her Native Throne, to come and dwel in it.

Fair *Albion* now will new *Cytbera* prove,

And must be call'd, *The sweet Island of Love.*

*Tyber.*

*Tyber.*

Fairest *Thamis*, thou Famous Flood,  
Whose Monarch ever Great and Good,  
By Wholsom, Just, and gentle Laws,  
In calm his Restor'd Empire awes;  
Whilst his Dreadful Navies, contrioul  
And rule both Seas, from Pole to Pole;  
Making Commerce and Arts flourish at home,  
As in my *Cæsars*-times they did in *Rome*.  
To Him, and thee I come this day,  
My Homages and Tribute pay.

*Seine the 3d. Nimp.*

Fairest of Flouds, How glorious is thy Fate!  
The World and I, have seen thy Sons of late,  
As invincible as thy Victorious Fleet,  
The very Ocean with thy Foes submit,  
Whilst on the Land, a Warlike Duke of thine,  
Whose Lofty Meen speaks him of Royal Line,  
In *Lewis's* sight, his valliant hand imbrues  
In *Belgian*-blood, and *Maestricht*-Wals subdues.

*Thamis.*

If from my Shoars, such valliant Heroes  
As could New-Worlds under my Power bring:  
B 2                      Thousands

Thousands of Beauties on the same are found,  
Far greater than you'll find, search the World  
*Tyber.* (round.

Such Prudent-heads thy happy *Albion* bears,  
As its great State secures from storms and fears.

*Seine.*

The god of *Vallor* sure governs thy Soil!

*Tyber.*

If *Vallor* rules, *Themis* does share the Toil.

*Thamice.*

*Vallor* and *Justice* both may act their parts,  
But Love makes *Charles* to Rule his Peoples  
(hearts.

*Tyber.*

To Him therefore and Thee, I come this day,  
My Tributes and my Homages to pay.

*Seine.*

I, from my smiling Shoars new Pastimes  
bring,  
New Airs, new Dances, to please thy great King.

*All three together.*

O let our Voices and our Concerts move,  
These Royal Eares to mind our tender Love.

May



May heaven-kind ever and ever smile,  
And Blessings poure upon this happy Isle.

*The same over again by all.*

*These three Nymphs having near done singing,  
a fourth appears born as the former, representing the River Po.*

*Po to Tham.*

Hail Queen of Flouds ! Thou Silver *Thamis* !  
Who in that Pitch of highest Bliss,  
Thy Glorious King thy state has rais'd,  
Above all other Flouds art prais'd :  
Suffer this happy Day, that I  
May through thy Chrystal Waves draw nigh,  
And my Princess divine,  
To thy great Heroe joine.

I Through the fierce Billows have past,  
Of two Seas deep and vast,  
By Rocks and Mountains ran,  
To Mortal-men unknown :  
Leaving my fertil Plains, and Shoars, to bring  
A Royal Sister to thy Greatest King.

*Thamice.*

Thousands of Beauties on the same are found,  
Far greater than you'll find, search the World  
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By Rocks and Mountains ran,  
To Mortal-men unknown :  
Leaving my fertil Plains, and Shoars, to bring  
A Royal Sister to thy Greatest King.

*Thamice.*



*Thamis.*

Sweet Nymph, thy friendly care and pain,  
Of this Great King, their just reward obtain:  
And thou maist see his People now,  
To thy Princess, both love and honor shew:  
This Bliss, thou ow'st to her alone, whose Charm,  
In 'spight of Fate, all resistance disarm:  
And makes Envy it self t'adore  
Her now, whom it oppos'd before:

*All these Four joine and sing as before.*

O Let our Voices and our Concerts move  
These Royal Ears to mind our tender love;  
May heaven-kind, &c.

A R I A N E

# ARIADNE,

OR  
The MARRIAGE of BACCHUS,  
AN  
O P E R A.

---

## A C T I.

*A Symphony preceded by a Flourish opens the Scene. The Theater is chang'd, and discovers a stately Portico before Bacchus's Palace.*

## S C E N E I.

*Several Hoboyes belonging to Bacchus, coming out of the Portico, follow'd by Clyton, and a Band of Corybants, some singing, others dancing, joyn Concert with the Instruments: After which Cliton sings alone.*

*Cliton.*



He's now return'd ! the World's  
Great Conqueror,  
Valliant Bacchus, who fill'd the  
Earth with terror !

The god of Wine ; and tir'd with Warlick-toil,  
Seeks Peace and Ease in this most happy Soil.

With

(2)

With Wreaths of Ivy then, your Foreheads  
(Crown,  
And pay your Vowes to him whose Pow'r's  
(known:  
Sing, Dance and Leap his Alters round;  
And worship him as you are bound.

*Clyton to the Bacc.*

Leave, leave your smoaky Cels, ye *Bacchants* all!  
In careless-dress let your hairs fall;  
And with your dreadful voices make  
These Rocks, these Woods and hollow Valeys  
(shake!

*They all with Hoboyes, Flutes, and Violins  
Sing and Dance with Clyton.*

Sing, Dance and Leap his Altars round.  
And pay to him your Vowes as ye are bound.

S C E N E II

*Enter Silen and mixes with them, upon which they  
sing the same, and dance it over again.*

*All together.*

Sing, Dance, and Leap his Altars, &c.

*Silen*



*Silene alone.*

How prudent was that mighty god of Wine,  
Who first planted the blessed Vine,  
When he, Heaven forsook to dwell on Earth !  
Here, the sweet clash of pots and cups rise mirth.  
Above, loud storms of winds and tempests crack,  
And *Olimpus's* lofty-head shake and wrack,  
While we Mortals below drink Wine in Bowl,  
And let great *Jove* above his thunder roul !

*Silene 2.*

All th' Indian Gold he got, who dare  
To that Liquor divine compare !  
Lets therefore neither faint nor shrink :  
But thousand thousand brimmers drink.

*Clytton and the Corybants.*

Let's thousand thousand brimmers drink.

*Silen.*

Let's drink his health in that Liquor divine.

*The same again.*

Who first planted the precious Vine.

C

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*Whilst these remain, enter Bacchus, Venus and Euphrosine.*

*Bacchus.*

Come down, come down long wisht-for Peace,  
Come dwel on Earth ! let War for ever cease.

And ye Mortals, unto Our Altars bow :  
For such a Bliss, each ought t' offer a vow :

*Coribants.*

*Bacchus* ye see, resolves to Court no more  
The god of Arms, as he has done before.

*Venus and Euphrosine.*

In Love he'l find far sweeter charms,  
Than in the toil of War, and noise of Arms.

*Coribants.*

He leaves War, that with delight  
He may drink both day and night.

*Venus and Euphrosine.*

His greatest glory is to love.

*Corybants.*

Wine will his highest triumph prove.

*Venus*

(5)

*Venus.*

In serving us his chiefeſt honor layes.

*Coribants.*

True honor ſtands in drinking nights and dayes.

*Bacchus Sings.*

*Bacchus.*

How highly bleſt muſt that Conqueror be,  
Whoſe vallon crown'd with Palms of Victory,  
And ſatiſfi'd with his acquired Fame,  
His Mind at laſt to calm and Peace can frame.  
Who reſting from all Warlike trouble and toil,  
In love and quiet governs his Native Soil.

*Bacchus 2.*

And yet how happier far is he,  
Who from Love's Paſſion being free,  
Can a leſs-cruel Object find,  
To fix his thoughts and pleaſe his mind.  
My Liberty I count the higheſt Blis,  
I'll flee from love, and all his charms I'll miſs;  
Thus o're my ſelf, as ore the World I'll raigne,  
And of my heart prove the true Sovereign.

*Exit Hoboyes; Bacchus and Clytton following them, with the Corybants leaping and dancing about Bacchus.*

C 2

SCENE



## SCENE IV.

*Enter Silene and Coribbants dancing.  
Venus and Euphrosine.*

*Enter*

*Venus.*

Shall haughty *Bacchus* now,  
To Love's Altars refuse to bow?  
And he alone, persist  
Our Sovereign Power to resist!  
No no, the god must yield,  
And to my son resign the Field.  
I'll make a mortal-beauty wound him so,  
That Cupid's power and mine he'll quickly know.

*Euphrosine.*

He'll find all resistance proves vain,  
When once Love dooms a heart to bear his  
(chain.

And if that heart will not submit  
To obey his Law, he can compel him to't.

*Venus and Euphrosine.*

No no, the Conqueror must yield,  
And to the god of Love resign the Field.

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Silene and Coribantes again, laughing  
and singing.*

*Silene and Coryb.*

Ho ! ho ! it's true, he will resigne,  
But to the sweet Juice of the Vine.  
Fond Love at best proves but a Toy,  
It's Wine he'l make his chiefeft Joy.

*Coryb.*

Why ! should India's Great Conqu'ror now  
To childish-Cupid's Empire bow !

*Silene.*

Should *Bacchus* burn with any other Flame  
Than that of Wine he'd lose his glorious Fame.

*Coryb.*

The god of Mirth and Liberty,  
Can't yield to Love's captivity.

*Silene.*

Should he that wisdom do's inspire  
Endure the smart of *Cupid's* fire !

*Alltogether.*

Follow, follow-we Champions brave,  
That Noble Pattern which he gave.

Let's

Let's flee from Love as well 's from Arms,  
In Wine we'll find far sweeter Charms.

The Wounds of *Mars*, and those of Love  
Equally-mortal often prove.

We may seem fierce and gallant: but the way  
To live at ease, is to feast night and day,  
Until we die, then make our Grave,  
I' th' bottom of some cool Wine-Cave.

*Whilst they are singing, Mars appears in the  
Clouds riding on a Chariot, speaking to Bel-  
lona who rides on another.*

S C E N E VI.

*Mars.*

Help Sister help ! and let weak Mortals now  
Thy dreadful rage and matchless-vallor know !

*Bellona.*

What Mortal ! nay, What god is it, that dare  
Provoke to wrath the mighty god of war !

*Mars.*

The *Scithian*-Monarch raises armes amaine,  
And with his num'rous Force does fill the Plain.

*Bellona.*



*Bellona.*

O Mighty Jove ! Why proves thy wrath thus  
(slow ?

Why dost not thou thy fiery vengeance show !  
And by thy Pow'r, these mortal-rebels grind,  
As small as dust that's driven by the wind.

*Mars.*

Sister, let's fill the World with thousand harms,  
Let nothing scape the furie of our Arms !  
Let's gods and men to our assistance call,  
And in our quarrel, let them stand or fall.

*Bellona.*

Break loose, break loose, ye grim Furies of Hell !  
Come to our aid, leave your Infernal Cel;  
And to amaze our most audacious foe,  
Bring Envy, Death, and horror from below.

## SCENE VII.

*Three Furies breaking forth from beneath, flee  
up into the Aire to meet Mars and Bellona,  
upon which they all come down.*

*Mars.*

Victorious *Bacchus* will no longer fight,  
But's now resolv'd to taste Peace and Delight

Of

Of his great Soul, let's interrupt the calm  
 VVith noise of Arms, and hope of some new  
 (palme.

## S C E N E VHI.

*Enter Silene and Corybants laughing and singing.*

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! let Great *Mars* know,  
*Bacchus* is far better imployed now.  
 All the VVar he's resolv'd to make,  
 And sweetest pleasures he will take,  
 Is not to fight your bloody Battels,  
 But to encounter with Cups and Bottels.

*Bellona seeing them, draws her sword.*

*Bellona.*

It's you ! it's you Infernal Cruel,  
 That his Great Soul to Vice subdue:  
 Flee ! flee ! be gon ! approach the god no more,  
*The Furies with their Whips drive away Si-*  
*lene and the Corybants.*

First

## First Interlude.

## First Mask-Entrey.

*Indian-Kings slaves to Bacchus, glad to see  
themselves subdued by so charming a god,  
dance round about his Statue erected upon an  
Altar in the middle of the Theater.*

## Second Entrey.

*Whilst the Indian-Kings are dancing, Enter  
Saliens, Priests of Bacchus, who joyning  
dance with them, do skip and leap both  
upon the Altar, and round the same.*

D

A C T

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Cloris and Philis after a Symphony of Flutes  
and Hoboyes: Cloris holding a  
Fishing-Angle.*

*Cloris.*

**C**ome little Fishes, come to me.  
Catch at my baite : it's faire you see,  
You'll find it sweet if you'l draw near.  
Yet if that pleasure costs you dear,  
Your Life I mean, O let not me  
Be blam'd for too much crueltie.

My Shepheard thus I did inthral,  
When he into my snares did fall :  
And ever since that fatal day,  
For what his Love could plead or say,  
All the kindness he could ever obtain  
Of love and me, hath prov'd torment and  
pain.

*Philis.*



*Phillis bolding a Cage in her hand.*

Come ye little Birds of the skie  
 Into my Cage. Why don't you flie!  
 Come little fools, you may trust me:  
 Your loss will be but small,  
 You'l feel no hurt at all,  
 But lose your liberty.

*Flutes and Hoboyes again; then*

*Phillis 2.*

A kind Mistress I'll prove!  
 I'm wholly made of Love!  
 A kind Mistress I'll prove!  
 My heart is young, and knows no cruelty!  
 Your loss will be but small!  
 You'l feel no hurt at all,  
 But lose your Liberty!

*Flutes and Hoboyes again.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Damon.**Damon.*

How kind ! how blest would prove my Fate,  
 If after all thy cruel hate,  
 I like these happy Birds, could die  
 Thy Prisoner to end my misery !

*Cloris.*

Hope Shepheard, hope for better dayes !  
 Thy torments sure, won't last alwayes !

*Damon.*

Ha ! *Cloris*, thou mayst end my grief !

*Cloris.*

My rigor should methinks, prove thy relief.  
 Thy patience will be tir'd, and that will cure  
 The pain, and smart thou dost endure !

*Damon.*

Faithful to thee Cruel, I'll live and die,  
 In sight of thy severity !

*Cloris.*

Thy own reason sure will one day,  
 The ardor of thy passion lay.

*Damon.*

*Damon.*

No no ! be thou n'er so unkind,  
Constant to thee Death shall me find !

*Cloris.*

Prethee Shepheard, be gon !  
Thy Presence, and thy moan,  
Do scare the Fish away !  
Pray thee go : do not stay !  
Whether thy love be true, or fain'd,  
My heart by thee's not to be gain'd !

S C E N E III.

*Enter Bacchus and Ariadne.*

*Clitton, Silen, Philis, Cloris and Damon aside,*

*Ariadne.*

He's gon alas ! the Traytor's leaves me here :  
In this Desert , possesst with grief and fear :  
His cruel soul could not in pity be  
Mov'd to resent my pain and misery !  
He's gone he's gone ! and would not alas stay  
To bid me adiew, before he sail'd away !  
Here I am left; on a most dreadful shoar,  
Where horror dwels, and Bears and Lions roar,  
Both

Both help and honorless ! Where shall I find  
Any succors !

*Silene, afar off shewing her a Bottle.*

*Silen.*

In this Juice sweet and kind,  
This precious Balm, which heals the greatest  
When all remedies else prove vain. (pain,  
It's Wine, it's Wine that cures all grief,  
And can alone give thee relief !

*Ariana continues not minding him.*

Ye dul and senseless gods ! How could you see  
This cruel wrong the Traitor hath done me :  
And not on him a severe vengeance take !  
Ah ! ye're unjust unless you quickly make  
These Rocks, these Sands, and these merciless  
(Waves,  
To prove at once, his hangmen and his Graves !  
And ye fierce Tygers, far more kind than he,  
It's you that now must end my misery !  
Come, rend my heart, and from these purple  
(Veines,  
Suck with my Blood, my Soul and all my  
(Paines:  
*Silene*



Fairest of Princesses, thy Blood

Such dainty flesh deserves to be

From VVolves and Dogs fierce hunger free.

But why should I, alafs! compassion crave

No more than Pow'r to give me 'ny relief !

But! hold! heaven, methinks, hath heard my

(moan!)

'T hath so! my spirits fail! one sigh! one groan!

Then Death! welcome! my Soul now steals

(away.

*She falls into a Trance.*

*Silene.*

Despair and grief prevail. Unhappy day:

*Clifton.*

She swoons! help, help!

*Bacchus:*

**Alafs!**

*Silene.*

# She's dead!

*Clifton.*

*Cliton.*

She's gone!

*Silene runs and offers her Wine.*

If thou canst drink one drop, the cure is done.

*Ariadne coming to her self.*

But, I do live alas! my hopes are vain:  
 I see these Rocks, these Woods, these Hills again!  
 I see the Sea, and with prosperous Gales,  
 My Ravisher, o'r the fierce Billow's sails:  
 My wretched eyes must still with horror see  
 That dreadful Object, caus'd my misery!  
 That Monster of men! O grief! O rage! O  
 (pain!

*Ariadne growing furious of a sudden, rushes  
 into the Woods.*

## SCENE IV.

*Phil and Cloris remain still where they lay hid. Bacchus,  
 Silene and Cliton come forward.*

*Bacchus.*

O! What a Pow'r do sighs and tears obtain  
 Over a tender Heart! A weeping Eye  
 Can soon disarm the greatest cruelty.

Poor

Poor *Ariadne* ! alas ! thy fatal love,  
 Do's in my soul a secret feeling move,  
 Far above reach of common pitty now !  
 If it be'nt Love, what else, I do not know !

*Exit Bacchus very pensive.*

SCENE V.

*Enter Clitton, Cloris, Silene.*

*Clitton.*

What say'st thou pretty Shepherdess  
 To this fine thing call'd tenderness ?

*Cloris.*

To that and all Love do's, I say  
 None but weak souls will by't be led away.

*Silene.*

Love's Pow'r alas ! Who can resist !

*Cloris.*

That Mind whom reason does assise.

*Clit. and Sil.*

Tell true, Shepherdess : Is thine so ?

*Clor.*

I cannot tell ; but this I know,  
 If mine is not from Pasion free,  
 Yet over tender it 'l never be.

E.

*Clit.*

(10)

*Clit. and Sil.*

To win thee then, What must be done ?

*Cloris.*

That's a secret needs not be known.

*Exit Clit. and Sil. mocking her.* That's a secret.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Bellona and Megere.*

*Cloris and Philis frighted at the sight.*

*Cloris.*

Oh ! Heavens ! What a dreadful sight,  
Is this goddess of War and Fight,  
With her Infernal Sister Fury !  
Oh ! dearest *Philis*, let us flee !

S C E N E VII.

*Megere.*

Victorious goddess, When wilt thou  
Command, and I shall overthrow  
These Hills, these Rocks, these Trees, these Plains !  
I'll make the Devils break their Chains !  
I'll sow Discord and War among Mortals ;  
And fill the World with bloody Funerals !

*Bellona.*



(21)

*Bellona.*

No, no ! it's neither blood nor slaughter I ask !  
My valiant Arm, shall undertake that task !  
Conque'ring *Bacchus* slights our Powers above,  
And for *Ariadne*, burns with profane love !  
Of his new flame thou must the progress stop,  
If thou canst not, destroy his groundless hope  
Of gaining hers ! Let all that deadly hate  
That she for *Thesew* hath, become his Fate !

*The Fury with her burning Torch in her hand  
flies up into the Aire, with Dragons follow-  
ing her.*

*The end of the Second Act.*

2. Interlude.

1. Mask-Entrey.

*The Bacchants abhorring the falsity of The-  
seus, run, Furies-like, their burning Torches  
in their hands, to burn him in his Ship,  
as they see him sail on the Sea ; but  
the waves and billowes do force them  
back to the shoar ; during the Conflict,  
Thetis the goddess of the Sea, who is of kin to*

E 2 .

*Bacchus,*

Bacchus, and sees their bold attempt, surges up  
out of the Water and strives to oppose their  
Rage. The Bacchants persisting in their design,  
the Sea-gods enter.

### Second Entrey.

A huge Sea-Monster swimming near the Shoar  
where the Bacchants are still striving against  
the Waves, enters Combat with them, the Bac-  
chants leave their Torches, and with Darts  
wound the Monster, whereupon he vomits out of  
his Fawes several Sea-gods, and plunges into  
the Sea.

These fall a wrastling with the Bacchants, and do  
form a regular fight, after which they grasp  
each other fast in their armes, and precipitate  
themselves all into the Sea.

## A C T III.

*The Theater is chang'd into a Defart.*

## S C E N E I.

*Enter Bacchus and Silene.**Bacchus to himself.*

**W**Hat is thy thought, alas ! my  
Heart ?  
What do we seek, in this dread-  
ful Defart !

And what reward can our fond load obtain,  
From one of sense bereft ! our hopes are vain.  
In the same soul, Who is't could ever see  
The greatest hate, with greatest love agree.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Ariadne follow'd by Euphrosine one of**the Graces, Bacchus and Silene.**Ariadne.*

Ye cruel thoughts of Anger, and of Love,  
(That I may breathe a little) O remove.

*Bacchus.*

*Bac.*

Fairest Princess, it's time to drie those tears!  
 He that creates your grief mindes not your fears.  
 For a Perfidious man, O sigh no more!

*Ariadne.*

I sigh for him whom my soul does abhor.

*Bac.*

Heaven from thee with justice parts,  
 One that ne'r knew thy high Deserts.

*Ariad.*

Alas ! alas !

*Bac.*

If thou wilt ease thy Paines,  
 Change change thy Love.

*Ariadne.*

After I've broke his chaines!  
 Him for whose love alas ! I did betray  
 My dearest Friends ! my Honor ! my Countrey !  
 Him for whose sake I'ndure such cruel smart !

*Bac.*

Banish, banish that Tyrant from thy heart.

*Ariadne*



(25)

*Ariad.*

O Heaven ! where do's thy loud thunder lay ?

*Bac.*

Love, love the gods ! it's far the safer way.

*Ariad.*

Sure ! faith and truth are from all mortals flown !

*Bac.*

Seek them on heaven then : there they are gon.

*Ariad.*

If e'r I yield to foolish Love again,  
May heaven Just.....

*Bac.*

Fairest Princess, refrain.

*Ariad.*

May heaven's severe vengeance on me fall !

*Bac.*

Change, change thy mind.

*Ariad.*

My mind ! I never shall !

My Torment's great ! yet it doth still increase ?

*Bac.*

And shall those tears, *Ariadne*, never cease !

*Ariad.*

No ! thus I'll weep and sigh, until I die ;

Since death alone can end my misery !

SCENE

## SCENE III.

Enter Venus, Euphrosine, Cupids, Bacchus  
and Silene.

*Venus.*

He sighs at last. Our great subdu'r of Kings,  
And to Loves throne, his vowes and homage  
(brings.

*Euphrosine.*

Invincible *Bacchus* is over-matcht !

*Venus.*

His stubborn heart in fine, by Love is catcht.  
Let's load him still with heavier Chaines !  
He deserves that, and greater paines.  
And let the World by his example know,  
Both gods and men must to our Empire bow.

*Little Cupids fluttering about Bacchus, do  
charm him with chaines of Flowers.*

*Bacchus.*

I yield ! I yield ! Cupid must have the Crown.  
He is Conqueror, I do my defeat own.  
But, hold ! thy Victory's imperfect still,  
Until th' hast made *Ariadne* thy stroaks feel.

*Venus*

*Venus.*

She will in time help thee to bear the smart.

*Bacc.*

How can that be, if rage possess her heart !

*Venus and Eupbro.*

Love o're the greatest griefs gets victory ;  
And she that once did love, love can't deny.

## S C E N E IV.

*Exeunt Venus and Euphrosyne.**Bacc.*

Against Love's pow'r, what can all powers do ?  
Force, Valour, Courage, all must to him bow.  
The most Valiant with greatest passion loves !  
He that's most free, the greatest Captive proves.  
The stoutest hearts alas ! in vain persist  
Victorious *Cupid* to resist.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Mars, Bellona, Furies, Souldiers. Euphrosyne stays  
as far off, a warlike Symphony precedes.*

*Mars, Bellona, and Furies together.*

Sound ye Trumpets, ye Drums and Timbals  
(beat,

To War, to Arms, let not our Foes retreat,

F

But

But 'stroy them all.

*Bellona to the Furies.*

Raise, raise, infernal Bands,  
Charge, charge them through, it's mighty *Mars*  
commands.

*Mars.*

Help, Sister, help! *Alecton Tbesyphone*,  
Follow the god of War! follow *Bellone*.

*All three.*

To arms, to arms, let's all to th'Onset go!  
This is the day we must confound our Foe!  
[*Ritornella with Instruments.*

*Mars to Apollo and Diana.*

Ye valiant Twins, who from great *Jove* are  
(sprung!  
Who to revenge your thundring Father's  
(wrong,  
The daring Giants, with your arrows slew,  
Come to our aid and your great valour shew.

*Bellon.*

And thou, whose mortal darts once purg'd the  
(Earth  
Of dreadful Monsters, come and shew thy wrath.  
*Apollo*



*Apollo and Diana fly down from one side, and  
Hercules from the other side of the Theatre to meet Mars and Bellona.*

*Here is danc't a warlike Dance of several En-  
signs or Foot-Colours.*

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Bacchus, Silene, Symphonists of Mars, Bellona,  
Furies, Souldiers, Apollo, Diana, Hercules.*

*Mars, Bellon.*

To war! to arms!

*Apollo, Dian. Hercul.*

To war! to arms all!

[*Ritornella as before.*

*Bellon.*

Under our strokes let's make our En'mies fall.

*Apoll. Dian. Hercul.*

March valiant God! march, march, we'll all fol-  
(low.

*Mars.*

To our just wrath let's sacrifice them now.

F 2

*Bellon.*

(30)

*Bellon.*

Let's drench the Earth with streams of tears and  
(blood,

As once *Deucalion* did by's watry flood.

*All them together.*

To fight! to fight! to battel! to arms!

Let's fill the World with thousand harms!

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Bacchus, Silene, Euphrosyne, who had stayed  
bid till then.*

*Mars to Bacchus.*

Invincible Heroe! great *Bacchus*! thou  
Whose valiant Sword whole crops of Palms did  
(mow,

Who o're the World such mighty Conquests  
Wilt thou alone refuse to give us aid? (made;

*[Euphrosyne runs to him.*

O heavens! what d'I hear! help, I'm amaz'd!

To quench his Love they have his valor rais'd!

Poor *Ariadne*! alas! what is thy Fate!

*Ariadne passes over the Theatre without  
speaking, only sighs.*

*Aria.*

Alas!

[Bacchus *spying her*, offers to run after her.

*Bac.*

She'l die! she'l die! help e're it be too late!

She's gone, she's gone alas!

[*He runs after her*, but is hindred by Mars.

*Mars.*

Wilt thou forsake-----

*Bacchus.*

My soul alas! which party canst thou take!

Shall Valour still, or must the god of Love

Over my heart this day, triumphant prove!

Love, I confess, th'art sweet! but Glory's strong!

*Bellon.*

Follow Glory! Love's Charms will lead thee

(wrong.

*Eupbro.*

Love proves a guide more sweet, more sure by

*Bellon.*

(far;

Honour and Triumph are the fruits of War.

*Eupbro.*

O! follow, follow Love!

*Bellon.*

O follow me!

*Bac.*

*Bacchus.*

I'll take thy counsel, I'll to glory flee.

[*Eupbro. runs to stop him.*

What dost thou mean! shall she perish alone,  
Whom Heaven kind design'd to be thy own!  
It's done, it's done! *Cupid* has got the day!  
Let's to her aid! *Euphrosyne* lead the way.

[*Ex. Bacchus and Eupbro.*

[*Ritornella by Instruments.*

*Mars.*

Well! since *Bacchus* will love, let'm please his  
(mind.

*Diana and Apollo.*

More noble pleasures we will find.

To war! to war! arm! arm! let's go!

Let's exterminate our daring Foe!

*They all march away in order of battel, Mars  
at the head of them, Colours flying, and  
Trumpets sounding.*

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Silene alone, weeping.*

Alas! alas! my chieftest joy!

My Foster-child! my dearest Boy!

Must



Must Love prevail then ! canst thou quit  
 The sweet juice of the Grape to follow it?  
 What will become of thee, dear Vine,  
 Now *Bacchus* for Love forsakes Wine!  
 And thou Bottle, my secret friend,  
 Thy Pomp, thy Glory's at an end!  
 Bid adieu to all mirth and sport,  
 What man hereafter will thee court?  
 Since *Bacchus* for *Cupid* leaves Wine,  
 Thy Doom's now come as well as mine.  
 Ye Satyrs, Fathers of the Grape,  
 Weep with me for this fatal Rape,  
*Bacchus* alas ! is stoln away !  
 Come, let's in Earth poor Bottle lay.  
 Let's mourn, let's sigh, let's grieve and pine,  
 Since our god, for Love forsakes Wine.

*Satyrs dancing and singing end the third Act.*

The third Intermede.

A Mask of Satyrs.

*These Satyrs covered with Mourning Crepe, in  
 dancing, take the Bottle out of Sylene's hands,  
 and joyning Lamentation with him, do bury the  
 same*

*same in a Tomb covered over with Cypress-branches, and sing at its Funeral a mournful Ditty.*

---

## ACT VI.

*The Theatre is changed again, Venus's Garden and Grotto appears where an Eccho answers.*

### SCENE I.

*Enter Damon a Shepherd.*

*Damon.*

**F**arewel perfidious Love, my flame is  
 (gone,  
 Thy cruel pow'r I will for ever shun.  
 That Soul who lives under thy Tyranny,  
 Lives not alas! but dies continually.  
 Too long! too long! I've prov'd a slave to thee,  
 Reason alone methinks should make me free.  
 But yet alas! who can those wounds e're cure  
 Thy Arrows make! or liberty procure  
 To hearts by thee subdued! or loose those chains  
 Thou fastnest once! No, no! I'll bear thy pains!  
 And

And should my Fate always thus cruel prove,  
Yet I'm resolv'd to live and die in Love.

# SCENE II.

*A Symphony of Flutes and Hoboys is answered by  
the Echo.*

*Cloris, Phillis, Damon, Clitton bid among the Trees.*

*Cloris.*

For one single pleasure, a thousand pains,  
A silly Shepherdes obtains;  
When she to Courtship gives her mind:  
And then alas! if she proves kind,  
The silly Shepherdes obtains  
For that single pleasure, a thousand pains.

*A second concert of Flutes echoed as before.*

*Clitton at the Echo.*

For one short grief a thousand joys  
A discreet Shepherdes enjoys.  
If she to Amoret does yield;  
After sh'as once resign'd the field,  
A discreet Shepherdes enjoys  
For that one grief, a thousand joys.

G

*Cloris*

*Cloris and Clitton at the Echo.*

Griefs and pleasures, joys and pains  
 Are the sure portions of Love:  
 Whatever heart bears its chains,  
 Will at length certainly prove,  
 That the sure portions of Love  
 Are griefs, pleasures, joys, and pains.

## S C E N E III.

*Damon, Cloris, Clitton, Phillis.*

*Damon.*

Am I design'd alas! the only wretch,  
 Whose Martyrdom eternity must reach!

*Clit. Clor.*

Change, Shepherd, change, thy affections remove.

*Dam.*

Thou wrongest me, cruel, thy Martyr I'll prove.

*Clit.*

Yield Shepherd, yield, there's no revenge  
 Does taste so sweet as that of a Love-change.

*Dam.*

Shepherd thou wrong'st me much, I'll constant (be.

*Clor. and Clit.*

By often change, thou'lt find one may love thee.

S C E N E



## SCENE IV.

*Enter Ariadne, Phillis, Cloris, and Clitton.*

*Ariad.*

Weep, weep, my wretched eyes, weep your  
*Clitton.* (selves blind!

Love, love a god most charming and most kind.

*Aria.*

'Twas Love alas! that made my cruel pain,  
 I'll suffer death, rather than love again.

*Phillis.*

When a Shepherd proves unkind,  
 He must be serv'd in his kind:

When a Shepherd proves unkind,  
 I'd do so, if th'case was mine.

I declare I'm one of those,  
 Who could ten false Lovers lose,  
 And yet never grieve nor pine.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Venus and the three Graces, Venus presenting Ariadne  
 a Girdle that hath the vertue to inspire Love.*

*Venus.*

From the Goddess of Love this gift receive,  
 It hath a pow'r to charm the greatest grief.

It can inspire a heart with mirth and love!

*Ariad.*

That very name, my soul to wrath does move.

*Venus.*

Fear thou nothing *Ariadne*, this new fire  
Shall in thy soul nothing but joy inspire.

*Ariad.*

Who can, who shall alas! my faith secure,  
That though a god, his flame will still endure?

*Venus.*

Conjugal vows, he's now ready to give,  
As soon as he thy consent shall receive.

*Ariadne suffers the Graces to tie Venus's  
Girdle about her.*

*Cloris.*

Fairest Goddess who can't inspire  
With thine own charms, the hottest fire;  
What need hast thou t' use other ties,  
Than the sweet glances of thine eyes?

*Ariad.*

Good gods! what blessed change is this I find!  
What sudden joy d'I feel possesses my mind!  
Transports of bliss! you do by far exceed  
Those cruel ones of grief ye did preced!

Thou

Thou charming God the more I think on thee,  
 The more I love! But Heavens! this is he.  
 I blush-----

## SCENE V.

*Enter Bacchus, Clitton, and Coribants.*

*Bacc.*

O cruel *Ariadne*, who is't you love!

*Aria.*

My mortal hate for one, I'll ne're remove.  
 My heart, my soul shall ever him abhor.

*Bacc.*

And yet, you love!

*Aria.*

That's little! I do adore!

*Bacc.*

Who then alas! can this blist Lover be!

*Aria.*

The best of gods! the most charming! that's

*Bacc.*

Cruel Princess! ye're vex't that you must owne  
 My faithful passion is to your heart known.

*Aria.*

My looks, my words will soon my soul betray.

*Bacc.*

(40)

*Bacc.*

What bliss is mine!

*Aria.*

What honour!

*Bacc.*

Happy day!

*Ariad.*

O blessed change!

*Bacc.*

How can't possible be----

*Aria.*

So great a god should give himself to me!

*Bacchus.*

Can I believe my bliss is true!

*Aria.*

Dare I hope mine shall continue!

*Clit. Eupbro.*

Hail! happy pair of Lovers hail!

May your ardent Love never fail!

Long may you live under this sacred tie,

Till by *Hymen* you do each other enjoy.

SCENE



## SCENE VI.

*Enter Silene, Coribants, Venus, and Graces.*

*Silene weeping.*

Alas! alas!

*Venus.*

What grief does thee possess?

*Silene.*

Prithee *Venus*, thou canst my grief redress,  
If thou'dst restore my Foster-Son again.

*Venus to the Graces.*

I will do so. Pray Graces ease his pain.

*Eupbro.*

He's shrewdly hurt, can he be kindlier us'd?

*Silene.*

How can he be by Love amus'd,  
And court his dearest Bottle too!

*Eupbro.*

(do.

Love well, and drink well both, *Bacchus* he may

*Venus.*

Good Father *Silene*, let's all agree.

*Bacc.*

So he drinks brimmer still, I'll yield to thee.

*All*

*All together.*

His glory thus we'l share, in Wine's delights  
He'l spend the days, in those of Love, the nights.

*Silen. and Corib. repeat.*

In Wine's delights  
He'l spend the days; in those of Love, all nights.

*All the same again.*

*Satyrs dancing end the fourth Act.*

The fourth Intermede.

A Mask-Entry.

*A Company of Satyrs having their heads crown'd with Ivy, the Leaves of which are gilded, their Horns twisted about with Chains of Flowers, a Cup in their hand bring the Bottle which they buried before, triumphantly out of the Tomb where it lay. They set the same (dancing) on a little Throne made of green Turff, strow'd with Flowers, whilst other Satyrs are singing.*

*The Triumph ending, a small Cloud comes down from above that steals away their Bottle up into Heaven, leaving the Satyrs gazing with admiration.*

ACT

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Hoboys and Coribants drunk, coming to the Feast, the  
Hoboys and Flutes jey'n with the other Instruments.*

*A Corib.*

Come, come, see the new Bride. Away!  
Our god's Minion, this is her day.  
Blest be brave *Thesens* for his pain,  
Who brought her hither. Again! again!

*Another Corib.*

He leaves the Earth, and with his Love  
Goes to live with the gods above.  
O let's all we, his warlike Band,  
Follow him thither glass in hand.

*A third Corib.*

Let 'em drink Nectar and Ambrosie!  
Their bliss I never shall envy,  
Provided they send me good Wine,  
Sweet Malvezy, and Muscadine.

*[Ritornella with Instruments.*

H

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Enter Hoboys and other Coribants with Silene drunk.*

*Silene.*

Hold! is it day! or is it night!  
 Every thing's dark! no! e're thing's light!  
 It is day sure! I hear the Swallows prattle!  
 It's night! I see a thousand Candles sparkle.  
 With o're thinking, my thoughts distracted be!  
 My ears do tingle and buz! what's that I see!  
 What be these! beasts or men! here we may find  
 Nymphs of all sorts and sizes, some too kind,  
 Other too rough, yet I'm afraid  
 'Mong so many, one scarce should find a Maid!

## SCENE III.

*Enter Bacchus, Ariad, Clitton with Hoboys.*

*Bacchus, Ariad. both.*

O sweetest pleasures! blessed change  
 From sighs and moans of madness and revenge,  
 To sighs and tears of greatest joy and bliss.

*Ariad.*



*Ariad.*

My dearest god! what happy change is this!

*Bacchus.*

My fairest goddess, let's now and ever live  
Under Love's Law, and bliss on bliss receive.  
My faith I pledge thee now! here take my hand.

*Ariad.*

For pledge of mine, both life and soul command.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Phillis, Clowns, Hoboys, Silene, Coribants,  
Clitton, and Cloris.*

*Phillis.*

Gather your Roses, fair Nymphs, do  
Gather Roses and Lillies too.  
Bring whole heaps of Flowers newly born,  
And strow the ways, this glittering morn.  
Let's to our divinities pay  
Our joyful vows this happy day.

*A. Corib.*

Leave, leave your Cells, ye Sylvan gods,  
With your shrill voices fill these woods.

H 2

With

With love, with mirth, and joy let's all  
Celebrate this high Festival.

*Cloris holding a Nosegay in her hand.*

For an Offring, here I have brought  
This fine Nosegay with my hands wrought,  
Of Orange-flowers and Jasmies;  
All I beg of your deities,  
Is to keep me from hurtful fall,  
From Wolves, from Thieves, and Love that's  
(worse than all.

*She presents her Flowers to Ariadne, who accepts  
them, and gives the Girdle that Venus gave  
her. The Shepherdess not knowing its ver-  
tue, accepts and puts it on.*

*Ariadne.*

Fair Shepherdess, I do kindly receive  
Thy sweetest gift, and in return I give  
This curious Gem to thee.

*Silene presents his Bottle.*

And as for me,  
I give my Nurse, my chiefest joy,  
My kindest Miss, my pretty Toy,

The

The object of my tenderest love,  
 Who did always my pain remove.  
 My Minion, my sweet delight,  
 Whom I hug'd both day and night.

[*Ritornella.*

*Whilst the Instruments are playing the Ritornella,  
 Silene goes and fetches the honest Clowns his  
 Neighbours, whom he presents to the new mar-  
 ried Couple.*

*Silene.*

Please your godships divine,  
 These good Neighbours of mine  
 Are come now  
 To pay their vow.

#### SCENE V.

*Enter Clowns, who being all drunk, fall a dancing after  
 their manner. These Rusticks come to dance at Bac-  
 chus's Wedding, bringing with them Presents of such  
 things as their Village affords; some bring in their  
 Baskets Sawfages, others Eggs dy'd in several colours,  
 and other Truffs. Old Silene, while they are dancing,  
 changes their Baskets and gives them others, where in-  
 stead of Sawfages they find live Eels; instead of Eggs,  
 Frogs; and for Truff, live Rats.*

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Damon, Clitton, Cloris, Hoboys, Clowns.*

*Damon.*

What can alas! a Shepherd to gods give,  
Whose wretched heart does always pine and  
(grieve!

What can a Lover full of trouble and fears,  
Offer this day, but only sighs and tears!

*Clit.*

Cease, Shepherd, cease to trouble our joy,  
Thou shalt e're long thy Love enjoy!  
Heaven hath heard thy plaint, and thou shalt  
(see

This joyful day, thy *Cloris* kind to thee.  
Every thing here both gods and mortals too  
Laughs, loves, and strives each other to outdo.

*Dam.*

How! does my Shepherdess  
From her levity cease!

*Clit.*

This day, this day of love,  
Shall a day of wonders prove.

*Dam.*



(49)

*Dam.*

Thy cruelty is gone !

*Cloris.*

Sing, sing, thy work is done.

*All together.*

This is the day, this day of Love,

This day of love

Will a day of great wonders prove.

*[Ritornella with the Instruments.]*

#### S C E N E VII.

*All the Actors are seen in this last Scene. Hoboy, and  
Symphonists of Venus playing. Shepherds,  
Sheph rdessees, and Clowns.*

*A glittering Palace comes down from Heaven,  
on the middle of which is seen a Royal Throne;  
over the Throne hangs a Crown made of seven  
Precious Stones, the Crown suspended by four  
little Cupids flying. Venus with the three  
Graces sits on the Throne with Bands of Sym-  
phonists about her. During the Syniphony, the  
Palace and Throne descend slowly upon the  
Theatre, where being fixt, Venus and the  
Graces.*

*Graces come down from the Throne, and taking  
the new married Pair, lead them by the hand,  
and place them on the same; Bacchus in the  
middle, Ariadne on his right, Venus on his  
left hand, and the Graces at their feet.*

*Symphonists play.*

*Venus.*

*Bacchus at last yields to our Arms!  
A Beauty, by her pow'ful Charms  
With my help, makes his heart her own;  
Little Cupids therefore, give her the Crown.*

*Eupbro.*

*Flie, flie to this great Festival,  
Ye little Loves, flie thither all.  
Ye were th'Authors of her desires,  
Put on her, your richest Attires.  
Place on her head that glittering Crown,  
She has deserved it! it's her own.*

*The seven Gems which compos'd her Crown, are  
inflam'd of a sudden, and chang'd into so many  
bright Stars, known in Heaven by the name  
of Ariadnes Hair.*

*Venus*

*Venus, Eupbro.*

Hail, Hail, new goddess, hail.

*Silene, Clitton, Coribants, Cloris, Damon.*

*Damon.*

Hail for ever, fair Princess, hail!

*Cloris.*

O may we like them, spend our days!  
Free from trouble and pain always!

*Eupbro.*

In midst of loves, and smiles, and sports.

*Silene.*

In all pleasures the Table affords.  
Let's drink.

*Venus.*

Let's love.

*All together.*

O let us love, and drink, and sing,  
And let the Echo's ring.

*Venus, Eupbro.*

For ever hail our new goddess.

I

*Silene,*

*Silene, Clit. Corib. Cloris, Damon.*

For ever live our most lovely Princess!

*All together again with the Instruments.*

Let's drink, let's love, and sing all day,  
Let Love and *Bacchus* live alway.

*The Clowns dance to the sound of voices and  
Instruments all the while the Palace is  
drawing up.*



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F I N I S.

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